The Gates of Day

A Study in Sleeping and Waking

Mary H. Peabody

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by

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PART I

Introduction

How beautiful this Night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault
Studded with stars immeasurably bright
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
Above the sleeping world.

SHELLEY.

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore nature's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

SHAKESPEARE.

Lo, in the sanctuaried East,
Day, a dedicated priest
In all his robes pontifical exprest,
Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,
From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,
Yon orbed sacrament confest
Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

And the Evening and the Morning were the first day.

PART I

Introduction

The Gates of Day

Now blessings rest on him that first invented sleep.

FOR the grace and power of sleep when the round of mortal pleasure and care brings us to its enchanted moment, the heart of man repeats the thanksgiving of Sancho Panza.

That there should be such a moment is a wonder beyond words. Dominant among natural changes it stands between the worlds in which we dwell, the world of sleep and the world of waking, and with authority compels our obedience. A point of transition, by its quality and rank apart from all things else, it marks the rhythm of life within our universal horizon, as passing and repassing, sleeping and waking, in darkness and light we pursue the path of immortal destiny.

In this alternate passage to which we are bound sleep lies in the background, a reserve

of comfort and protection, the resource first and last to which we turn for relief when the day and its energy can carry us no farther. In the plan of life it is intended to be invariable, and since it comes of itself and is an involuntary and welcome process continuing in all forms of Nature and life from birth to death, why should it be a subject to command attention and study?

When sleep presses, give us a degree of quiet and comfort or let us have simply respite from demand, and straightway Nature herself leads to that dim verge where with a breath we forget the whole wide earth.

But to sleep is not to get knowledge, for Nature is not truly simple. Under ordinary movement she pursues some great design, and while with one hand she leads us, with the other she covers our eyes. We follow, for we love the leading, but at heart we consider and rebel; and because it is our divine prerogative and infinite wish to know ourselves, we resort to watchfulness and observation that we may discover our Mother's intentions and learn what she is in reality doing with us.

In this our reward is great, for through our glimpses of Nature's law and method we discover some things concerning ourselves in this planetary kingdom; we perceive our power to look inward toward life and outward to creation, to read in darkness as in light, and to recognize the magnitude and magnificence of our relation to the Power that set us here and makes us kin to things which though unborn are yet to be—and in the light of this wide relationship we are led to make a study of sleep.

On the scientific side sleep presents itself as an intangible, elusive phase of existence, and we have much to learn; but apart from the teaching of science, each has his own experience, and as we confess the magic and heavenliness of sleep, we see how it impresses us with a sense of far-reaching life. We wake, we sleep, we know that sleep is the opposite from conditions of day, and grow aware that while our day-life is a progress and mystery none can fully solve, in our sleep we skirt the outposts of regions still more veiled and unexplored, which to the mind are fascinating and to the heart alluring—for all things that touch us are

of interest, and sleep is an intimate process.

The coming of sleep is a season that holds as its essential quality a sense of release, beneficent and peculiar. At its approach we prepare to exchange our existences, one for the other—to yield our hold on day and begin our other journey. And in this nightly departure, even as in death, we go alone. At least, whatever forces guide us as we fall asleep, to our consciousness it seems that whether we will or not, all souls, nearest, farthest, friend or foe are alike shut out from sharing our passage.

In this movement of life we seem to traverse solitude inscrutable. Limitation and boundary give way, vastness is about us and we grow aware of freedom, individual and absolute. It is at first a conscious transition, a vibration of being within yet without, that in long rhythms overpowers us. The din of thought subsides, nerve-tension loosens, the gate of being swings, and in the most unspeakable of all moments habitually recurrent, with every sense consoled, we hover between the worlds and are gone.

In this our will and desire, at one with

Nature's, is but to go. And it is in contrast to this natural impulse that we realize the other side—the strain and distress of the whole man when, in the name of duty, by the bedside or at some lonely post, sleep holds a penalty and must not be allowed; for in face of that subtle thrall of sleep, that urgency of the soul for relief from exhaustion here and for permission to enter into joy on its own side of life, man's effort for resistance is heroism. Peace, peace to those who, watching while others slept, have been overcome.

This life-movement of sleeping and waking reveals great contrasts. By day we repeat experience, grow into habits of reason and judgment and so gather knowledge. The earth as we know it to-day is mainly the earth of to-morrow, and in our investigations of Nature we are able to compare things one with another as a means of reaching conclusions. But the world of night and sleep yields to us nothing so stable. Our night experiences are singular and variable. We recall distances greater than those of day, colors marvelous, fleeting, and interchanging, with faces, figures, and landscapes, often

exalted and befriending, but evanescent. Moreover, details repeat themselves or not, and who shall say what, at night, shall be the outcome of the hour?

In regard to this we feel assured that somewhere there is something that some time we shall know. This assurance comes to us through our thought of life as a whole: for by nature we hold within us a sense of recognition that reaches beyond day, beyond earth; that takes into account all things of night and day, of life here and beyond, and rests in the certainty of knowledge that by growth shall be attained. Meantime there are those with whom the question does not fail to arise whether the world to which we travel nightly may not in reality be the outer sphere of the world to which we go when, at death, we leave

—the warm precincts of the cheerful day

and pass to that Day, more cheerful still, that we now call Heaven. In any case, through the revelations of our own experience we are led to believe our life invisible to be our greater life and to realize that in sleep if we do not cross we at least seem to reach its border.

In a study of that nightly crossing and return we see that the vocation of sleep is for present earthly support and restoration. We go that we may return to this arena to pursue our destiny and develop the power within us. Alternation alone makes possible this race to our human goals, and the replenishing of sleep saves us, body and soul.

In this majestic progress sleep is our timekeeper. At its call we lay down day's labor, at its departure again we take day's care. Still we are not without authority, for while this order into which we are born is a sign of the law that dwells with the Cause of life and includes us in its scope, our sleep is not wholly beyond our control. In any hour, at call of need it may come, a solace and support to life flagging under stress of existence. Childhood and age sleep often; illness is assuaged by sleep irregularly as conditions may allow and is welcomed as the great physician; the South has its life-saving siesta, while as wise ones know, in ordinary weariness of mind or body a sense of restoration and stimulus that no other treatment of ourselves can bestow comes through the power to go sound asleep and have complete

forgetfulness, if only for five minutes of a crowded hour. With practice this command of sleep can be gained. A mental decision to sleep and to waken after a certain number of minutes or of hours will rouse us at the instant, after any period for which we may have given orders.

Yet in the cosmic progression sleep has its place. Not at haphazard does it fulfill its office with us, but tenderly it passes back and forth upon its own arc of service between its gates, the Evening and the Morning—the Evening, life's mysterious prelude; the Morning, its announcement of presence and power —for "Through Darkness cometh Light."

In the morning the Sun, foretold by his own light, ascends from the Eastern horizon. Energy floods the earth, glory increases, the ways of nature and man are revealed, and the crescendo of day gathers us once more into its intensity.

Reaching his great meridian the Sun ranges west and is gone. Twilight deepens, lines merge into shadow, darkness, "most venerable thing," is upon us, and the hour calls to the laying down of human power with trust in Power Divine. Even in the

rush of life, when hours have small significance and we cannot listen, change enfolds us. Influences gentle and tender wait and follow while feet turn homeward; for with us and with Nature it is even-song—led by the spirit of night.

In this gracious contrast these two great movements of light, Night and Day, stand apart; and wonderful is the garb they wear —a panoply of signs—Sun, star, and shadow, darkness, song, and silence. Beholding them in their dramatic beauty, vivid conceptions of the relation of the soul to Nature arise within us, and Night and Morning, Life at rest and Life awakening, as beings symbolic and celestial have been in all time an inspiration to creative genius. Poetry and prose, music, painting, and sculpture repeat the theme. The heart responds and the beloved figures, in unfailing return, vigilant and benignant, as doorkeepers in our divine order of being, by their spiritual quality remind us of the greatness of human destiny.

PART II

Where there is no vision the people perish.

ISAIAH.

Those shadowy recollections,
Which be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing.

WORDSWORTH.

PART II

THE morning brings light and from our wonted or enforced point of view we look out to it. Draped in gray or in flame and amber, the new day is beauty; but in how far does this loveliness give answer to morning need? What is there to reach out to that can strengthen and inspire us? In itself beauty is neither an end nor an origin. It is rather a means of expression, a sign by the way, an indication of the Source from which it springs and of the end toward which that original impulse would move: and through that inner relation of its own the very aspect of beauty by its distance and completeness has at times a saddening influence, as if it were something we are not and cannot be.

We may not think of this clearly, but as we face the issues of life which are more to us than anything we see, we are aware of an instinctive desire to relate what lies outside in some close way with what we feel within and really are. We realize, though

perhaps in a vague way, that to satisfy us the beauty of the world must awaken more than delight and charm of sense. It must illuminate some meaning and lead from the distraction of form back to Cause—as a messenger from the Center of our being sent to stand in the day and tell us of something greater still. That something greater of which beauty speaks, is indeed nothing less than the very Whole to which we belong and of which we are a living part: and it is the entreaty of the soul that we shall not look one way only, but that we shall see things outward as the translation of life itself, and in our fresh morning hour be led by the light of day to look deep and comprehend our scope of being which includes Nature and Spirit.

This is the vision that keeps us from perishing. In our sleeping and waking it is this reality of life, as a personal message with which we are concerned. It is we, who when sleep is gone hear the challenge of day and with energy new-born go on to those imperious hours of the Sun that last night we called to-morrow; and if the sleep that lies behind holds a secret that might enrich our

store of intelligence in the pursuance of affairs and cast a light on the meaning of life, it should be ours.

We pause to think. The sleep from which we have arisen although a mystery is not a blank. In our sleep we lived, we thought, we realized, and waking we remember. Where have we been and what have we done and what can we tell of the journey? We recall the far country of the night. Not cessation of life was it, but change of activities, with a sense of space beyond boundaries and with dreams and dreams. The story is fascinating yet not always happy to recount; it may even be a sorry tale of ill-adventured happenings; and because of this variation in the character of night experience, the question rises whether in sleep we have control over ourselves and our conditions—for where we have authority we have responsibility and consequent need of wisdom. In this we have our own life to examine and simple study may lead toward knowledge.

To begin then with our dreams. As they come and go they are good and bad. "Sweet dreams," says one, choosing—a

lovely wish, for in their difference of quality dreams have power and in the best interests of life it is advisable that they should bring and leave with us the impress of harmony. As in 1643, wrote Sir Thomas Browne, there are "Sweet dreams of flying, of limpid fountains, smooth waters, white vestments and fruitful green trees which are the visions of healthful sleeps"; dreams that are set with light and color and rare mystic faces, that are remembered as sheer loveliness illuminating some aspiration of the heart, that touch the heaven-side of our being and leave with us vibrations of sweetness and accord.

In contrast to these dreams of goodness that enlarge our life, comes a besetting confusion of dream that shakes us and disturbs the serenity of the soul—pitiful nightmares, harassing delusions which Mercutio says

> —are the children of an idle brain
> Begot of nothing but vain fantasy—

or of thought that has wrongly possessed us, or of mental habit unguarded by superior intention—inflictions of evil that should not come, or be remembered, and that good

people should never rise from sleep to rehearse.

This dreaming is nothing deep. It is ordinary and even when agreeable is but a superficial disturbance of conditions that are best for us. It is therefore wise that this drift of night-drama should cease and that we should have the habit of deep and dreamless sleep, forgetful of people and things as we know them by day, and, in general, unbroken even by higher visions.

There is, however, an experience far and away beyond anything that can be literally repeated as dream, when in profound silence, in a region outlying all that belongs to day, and in a condition that we recall as dreamless, we realize a deep and subtle relation to life in its infinite quality. In this greater range of being we see and know without effort, yet with great capacity; and for the time we are satisfied.

What we perceive and learn in these farthest visions of reality we cannot tell. More impression than fact, it remains with us a memory true and precious but one that recedes from effort to express it. Sometimes at waking from such dreams an influence will

be palpably about us, but will fade as we attempt its analysis. Sometimes after hours of day-life do we remember suddenly, or slowly and hauntingly, that in sleep we did realize some great experience, that something heavenly enveloped us, that for a time we went far, and were among great powers in light, or at some shrine of glory. Brief drifts of guidance return as if to remind us of greatness in ourselves; of the movement of destiny that should not be delayed by absorption in petty things, or by too close questioning of mortal irregularities, or too great a care for earthly results. A sense of things stately, calm, and tender flashes into memory at instants of need, and for a moment in the midst of affairs we recall a season of enlightenment, knowledge, and rest in the night before that in wisdom lays a check, or adds an impulse to the word or the act of the moment. Like children remembering a mother's injunction, we realize at heart a touch, a command, tender and for our protection; something known only to ourselves which we trust and rejoicingly obey. It recalls the prophet: " Ye shall have a song in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept; and gladness

of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mountain of the Lord, to the Mighty One of Israel."

By this dim-veiled memory of night-absence and communion, as by nothing else that can come into life, we recognize a circle of being greater than this visible world, although one with it; and the consciousness that, in sleep, we are thus instructed as to issues of life and replenished with power to meet them, gives us a new and larger sense of our own presence and relationship. By the experience we have found ourselves out; we have touched our own individuality; we have found it not commonplace but sensitive and full of response. In the night this spirit of ourselves, buoyant as youth in its exalted moments, has said to its teachers, "Lo! Here am I." Insight and recognition have reassured us and we have had the utmost of refreshment.

These differing conditions of mind and heart revealed by observation, show that our sleep is not a simple state, but changeable. The results of sleep are manifest by day, and we cannot consider day and night without wishing the best to prevail. How shall we

have it so? Treasure is valueless except it be at work in the open field of human need. The night gives; the day demands; and it is ours to decide what shall be.

The question begins with morning. Sleep is the exercise of higher consciousness, but against this the earth-life seems to set itself to undo us. At the pillow it waits and as again says Sir Thomas Browne, "It is waking that kills us and destroys those spirits that are the house of life."

It is true in many cases, that at no hour in the day are the demons of lassitude, despondency and, above all, fear of heart, so strong against us as in the morning. Dark spirits, gathered while we slept, they have regarded our departure into peace as inimical to themselves and in conclave they make insidious approach to shatter the aromas that sustain the soul and to deplete us of our new-found life. As we waken we often, with no especial reason, seem to leave peace behind. A dim sense of earth-weight, care, and gloom makes us long to drop back, blank and hidden, until we summon resolution and sense of duty to our aid, and, whatever our feelings, assume the ways of day.

These influences which work between our degrees of being depress us, and because of them first hours of day may be hard and the breakfast table a service where weakness and desolation insist upon sitting with us. Politeness restrains discord, but it is a crucial hour when not even family prayers have proved potent to cheer the house. At that early moment home and the world are to be harmonized for a new day. Inspiration, sympathy, and wisdom should gather in support, for in reality this morning process is the yoking of the interior will of the soul to the exterior will of the mind; it is setting heart and brain to work together. Each, after sleep, has to adjust itself and both need help.

This adjustment is possible, for, in the higher thought of to-day, the soul, by right of birth, is master in the house of life. Not as a minor guest, or as a stranger waiting in some anteroom within—a suggestion of life hereafter—nor as a vague essence to be spoken of under breath, do we now consider the soul, but as the man himself who lives in a body born of Nature that he may thereby discover him-

self and, as body, mind, soul, and spirit, express himself in human character. To the mind and the body, the soul, as it stands within them, is a reservoir of power, and to have control and use of that power is to live. The way of growth and accomplishment leads inward; and to take that path and go as far as we have vision is to move toward the Holy Spirit. "The Father who dwelleth in me, He doeth the works," is our final phrase.

Historically, through lack of this consciousness of near relation, sorrow a thousandfold has been man's portion; for not a God afar off is the First Cause of our complex life, but He who cries, "My son, give me thy heart." Man is not separate; he is a part of the Divine Whole. We forget this and through isolation grow wretched; but there is the way back, for the soul at its working station between the Spirit and Nature can hear the inner speech and bear its message outward to the mind. Then shall the heart, superior and steadfast, sing—Lift up your heads, O ye Gates—and harmony and clearness shall prevail within us. Life still presses from without and we have our

troubles, yet all problems hold their solution within themselves, and if we will but regard and accept the flow of power from within, as after its own law it wells up and directs itself toward advantage, we discover and learn to lean upon its greatness.

To return to the morning, in this high estate where victory invites and defeat besets us, the day, strong and demanding, should not be defrauded. It has its rights. Equanimity, poise of heart, quietude of nerve, and serenity of mental action, with ability to discard and avoid things wasteful belong to day-service. These attitudes of life come as the result of sleep or soul-waking, and to keep and to apply them but a touch is needed —a quiet thought, a gentle word, a suggestion kindly put in place of bald statement, a happy silence, a conscious thought in the room, of the Spirit latent in everyone. This is our city of refuge, our strong tower, our sanctuary. To find the key thereto, which is the sense of God within us, the recognition of the Divine in the human, each of us must go singly, as he went to sleep, and must return from within himself as one who holds at heart the quality of life that is needed.

This look inward is saving grace. Our spirits rise, we recover ourselves. We have taken a breath of our own air on some hill-top of the heart, a breath of Paradise. We have been back to something very old, to the best in life, to the help that the day's work demands. How shall we keep it near? What time have we for vision of things unseen?

Our minds revert to evening. A time for ending things it seems; an hour for dropping off responsibility and being taken care of. And so it is and no thought should make it less: and is there not in the evening hour an essential character and inner relation all its own that brings this quality of spirit to us and do we yet know it very well, and may it not hold some significant force that if better known and loved would yield us enlightenment and power?

We make our discoveries in the house of habit. Here we have ways of our own, ways of body and mind that we repeat easily and which we can read as signs of our ways of thought—and thought it is that builds the house. Here then, having in mind the arrival and demand of morning, we may study

ourselves. In exterior things our routine is much the same. At night we hang away our evening clothes. Sometimes we lay in order for dressing every article that morning will call for. At night we brush and cleanse and anoint us for to-morrow's eye, and by the homely physical order we find ourselves composed and better ready for sleep.

Within this external doing we have also a mental process that we follow along customary lines, sometimes with intention or often without. As evening closes we drift, lines of thought come to their own end; happy or sad we linger aimlessly; we read some trivial or fascinating, worthy book. We seem to have no more to do, a sense of coming ease and security draws us, and so pleasing is it that we even hasten to bed lest care should return and keep us from sleeping. We may or may not go deeper into life. We are perfectly free and our faces are toward unconsciousness no matter how we go.

The late evening is thus our hour of simplicity and indulgence, but in reality it is not a break. In our evolution we have learned that in existence, throughout all cir-

cumstance and condition and all exchange of state, sleeping and waking, two principles prevail: one that life is continuous, that the threads run unbroken from end to end; and the other that the weaving of our life-work and design goes on while we are asleep, and may then be carried far toward its destined conclusion. Because of this constructive principle and method of growth, we are shown that much may be accomplished by our own intention, if before sleep comes upon us we put our affairs into the hands of our own higher powers.

This appeals to self-interest. We wish to complete our designs; and if the evening is so related to life as to be fraught with opportunity for our advancement, we can accord it recognition and be glad. For assurance as to this we have experience to recall and the consideration that, in all ages in truth, many thoughtful minds have given to the matter. Moreover, our evenings lie before us, and what we have not as yet pondered upon and tried, awaits questioning and will answer.

To speak, however, of what we know—by day we send energy out into the world of

Nature and man. Hand and brain work together to organize thought and ally it with world-life. Something attracts us, an idea wakens, we reply, we make, we do—energy culminates in action and result, and by the process we clear our minds and are ready for the next thing. At night we are tired. We turn from result to cause, from use of energy to energy itself, from Nature toward God. In contrast to the deliberate work of day, our attitude and work at night seem involuntary, but higher thought teaches that this process should still be directed to move with the plan and movement of life as a whole, and that the mind of day should be set in connection with the powers that work by night, so that their growth may be in unison and that more work may be done.

By day we know ourselves to be plainly under limitation. At night this sense of routine loosens and within us something else rises, not reiteration of day-life but a stir of thought or impulse that is new. We may not be trained to give heed, yet so strong is life and so quick to present itself in new ways, that in spite of ourselves we are made aware that at evening something waits,

calls, or presses for attention. It may be some intelligent word relating to things outside, an idea, a perception from our own creative center deep within us; or it may be simply the insistence of growth from within; the appeal of the Spirit for recognition; a soul eagerness that knows its hour, that has messages important to deliver and receive, that would remind us to speak to it before we sleep; that fears to be forgotten, yet, in spite of its own urgency, must wait upon our audience call. For it is true that at this moment, while we are still awake, the mind of day remains in authority and has control as to all exchange of intelligence, to grant or to deny.

The life within then must wait; for by this means of consent and refusal our concentric degrees of being maintain their relation one to another, and responsibility is thrown upon the external mind which is here for training in its use of power. As this outward mind decides then, and directs, is knowledge as it wells up from within us allowed to speak or compelled to be silent; and we hold in our hand our own loss or gain.

Very often, absorbed otherwise, we refuse entertainment to what stirs within at this night hour; but we do not thereby acquire peace of mind. For brief and ignoring as we may be, if, in some mood listless, depressed, or unheeding we find the knock at the inner door alien to inclination or too much trouble, and turn to sleep with no reply, we are not let alone. The disappointment of the soul does reach us, conscience does speak, and a hollow sense of displeasure with ourselves, with life and the way of things, for the moment at least makes us abject and miserable, if it does not, as may be, go the length of waking us up. We bury our heads, but we have refused the spirit of life its good moment with us and we know it. In the morning, too, when we awaken we are aware of something wrong, and at times, like the child who to relieve his heart confesses that last night he did not say his prayers, we admit to ourselves that last night we did not drink the water of life before sleeping, but by repulse shattered its crystal drops into disappearing mist.

And yet acceptance of our own good is

not hard. When in this circle of greater life we wish to help the powers that while we sleep work for us, we have but to take time and be still, physically still and restful, with an empty head and a listening heart. At this inner door we have the right to listen and thereby we hear good of ourselves. It is our place of light and peace, our most intimate affair. With that door open we make connection with all that we are. In stillness looking inward, we feel that we are a part of the whole of creation, that the only real question is how to make the life that is ours individually a harmonious part of the whole.

To think of this is to think great thoughts, yet if rightly read this sense of the greater life, with its own plan inborn and persistent, does not alienate us from day or impose a burden. It gives us strength of heart. It is revelation of the grandeur of our birth and inheritance, a return to the mind of ideal thoughts and feelings that were born with us and at times have risen to make themselves heard above the din of thought and the world.

It cannot come to us, this vision of the

larger life, until, shutting out clamor and discord, we give it time and place; yet such is the power of being that at the call of the heart, when we really wish—

> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither—

and this moment for flight, swifter than wireless, in, to the center of being and back to external consciousness, the soul should have given to it each night lest something that craves expression, something of guidance and beauty, should be lost to us and to the world without.

In this night preparation not much is asked of the mind, tired with the day's demand. It is work for the heart mostly. Still, even as we rule the hours of day, so with sleep before us should we use our high prerogative and decree that the best shall be done for us at night. This indeed is wishing; and when we come to that province where all is possible, limitation fades and we feel the touch of greatness upon us.

Thoughts of some kind go with us into sleep. At times they keep the tone of day

and lead and govern our whole night condition; and since quality grows over night, it is unwise, even dangerous for us, all harried and worn, to make ready for sleep with no higher consciousness, or to tumble into bed heavily and unguardedly; for out of that evening gloom and disorder may come tomorrow's failure, unrelated apparently but important and in truth a growth from our own night-sown and day-blooming vibrations of life.

Indeed, those who have observed and tested this are sure that no habit is of more importance than the choice of thought and the shaping of desire to be wrought at night by forces that waken while mind and body rest. The Power to which we turn is One. It is within us. It comes at call. In our minds it takes any form we give it—the form of any thought, purpose, or intention, good or bad. By our choice of thought we build character. In the inner kingdom then, as in the outer, we may have a routine—first to drop heavy-weights and drawbacks such as hate, irritation, petty or even deep remembrances of things, wrong enough, no doubt, but for that very reason cumberers of

the ground, which we had better let die of neglect than keep alive with infusion of our precious energy—and after that "Get thee behind me"—to choose the best that we can think of, realizing that what we summon to us will stay and grow over night.

It is comforting to forget things destructive, it inspires us to know that we have important things to do with life universal. For these, at night we should listen. To listen seems at first not easy. The mind of day is talkative. It breaks out unaware, and because it is noisy we yield to it. But soul-magic is instantaneous, and we have only to turn away and think of what we want; we can always wish.

A society woman is quoted as saying that before sleeping, no matter what inclined her otherwise, she always composed her face into smiling serenity. This nightly grace was for her looks in the morning. With the same principle of self-preservation we turn to things inwardly constructive. Like "fine linen, clean and white," we lay out for next day's need some friendly, well-centered thoughts. As masters in the house we order what shall be. Strength and calm are to be

ours, idle and wearing dreams shall be forbidden, confusion shall not come nigh us, and we must sleep as in our judgment is best for us. As we lock our doors at night in a world where keys are necessary, so we bar out intruders from the spheres of heart and soul, and as we turn to rest we should realize that we only need to ask for what in the good of life we most require, to lay it out in the light for the angels to see, and then to give thanks for the gift. For by this recognition and practice the mind, free from labor, is in the attitude of assurance and reception, and in the double phase of life, night shall be restoration and day the manifestation of power.

All this is for to-morrow. In quaint speech, "We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul." Our day is Night and Day; power and the plane whereon to prove it; the pendulum swing of our being, granting no moment when with impunity we may drop into "the bottomless." At every step behavior is required, with this penalty for misuse of night—to get out of bed wrong foot fore-

most and go wrong-footed, out of step, until in the world we get jostled into shape again. For day's sake then, for life's sake, we must hold the night as time precious and creative, as well as for bodily repose; for to have the soul in authority is self-preservation.

As we realize the value of the evening hour in the administration of affairs, we try to secure it to others. It is the right of the soul to go in peace to its night work and teaching. Sleep erases day's impress and we should aid it. Children yet of the "kingdom," youth in its struggle for growth, manhood erect and hand to hand with life, age that has sorrowed—all should enter upon sleep for utmost good. To have this superior estate in mind, as we say good night, disperses mortal feeling and fills the word with sincerity. And if there is a choice between souls in need, most especially should children, who cannot shut out their elders, go to bed happy. Not with sins for company, his own or those of others, not in fear of any dark, physical or moral, or in pain of heart, but always as if entering a temple, taught to lay aside what has been and to

establish goodness, power, and sweetness to grow through the night, should a child go to sleep. Glad talk, a verse, a song, an upward glance should be his to help him bring back the best for to-morrow. The child asleep is not ours, as in the daytime. He has gone home awhile and should go with our blessing and constructive love. Indeed, it is more science than sentiment that vesper-song of the heart should grace the door of night. It is salutation to our best good; a sign of man's comprehension of the peace and power that, in the plan of existence, he is intended so largely to control.

PART III

Short arm needs man to reach to Heaven
So ready is Heaven to stoop to him.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

In all thou doest let thy prayers ascend
And to the gods thy labors first commend.
From them implore success and hope a prosperous end.

PYTHAGORAS, B. C. 500.

That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee.

Dress and undress thy soul; if with thy watch that too
Be down, then wind up both.

HERBERT.

When first thy eyes unveil give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the Sun.
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day and in Him sleep.

VAUGHAN.

PART III

IN the progress of life, to prepare happily and strongly for night is to prepare for morning; and when we waken, if we can remember that the transition from sleep to waking is a potent moment, we can use it to fortify ourselves against the dominance of low influences and provide safeguard for the day. Sleep is the reminder, the comforter; and when, in the morning, courage is assailed and lack of result mocks us from yesterday, we have but to recall the power of night just given, intimate, lofty, and to others unknown, which in the face of all things brings us the cheer of the possible, and which, for love's sake, we should not let fall back into itself, nor be put out by early light, or noon, or waning day.

"To sleep," said Amiel, "is to strain and purify our emotions, to deposit the mud of life, to calm the fever of the soul, to return into the bosom of maternal nature, thence to re-issue, healed and strong." For increase of this solace in life, we have our prayers,

if we have them; and in no case are we more likely to hold and cherish this native tradition of the heart than when under influence of knowledge concerning our whole life, waking and sleeping.

In modern thought the prayer of man to God takes less the form of supplication than an assured alliance of strength with Strength—the recognition of personal power as our inheritance, through the kinship of life the human with Life the Divine. We read an old word from Marcus Aurelius—"Whatever this is that I am, it is a little flesh and breath, and the ruling part," and comprehend that the ruling part should rule; that it should stand on its own feet, perceive its own responsibilities, accept its duties and fulfill them. In place of sickness we should have health, a natural endurance, elastic and recuperative, with control of our processes of thought, and all this through knowledge of the power within, which gives itself on every breath we draw. Under the new teaching, which is the old returning, this power is "the deity which is planted in thee"; the power that cannot beg when it remembers its birthright and its range

of action on the inner, immortal side of being.

Seeing that we are already powerful, what we ask is the will to continue in growth; for energy and will to guide the Spirit to its best earthly outcome; and we do not so much "say" our prayers as we look God's way with confidence and desire, rejoicing in our privilege as children. In this light, psalms, hymns, and ancient prayers take on new meanings, and repeat themselves, half unaware; and as reliance upon the life within grows greater, the world of human affairs and result grows less a thing apart by itself, less alarming and more subject to control, until we wonder at our own lapses into weakness.

There are, however, those to whom prayer remains formal and who, while religious in nature and attitude, do not grow happily accustomed to praying. And there are those who pray when in trouble, or at moments burst into appeal. Probably we all find the way somewhere, somehow. There is virtue, as Jeremy Taylor says, in "ejaculatory prayers"; there is time as we undress to remember the morning; there

may be gratitude in the touch that lays the pillow for the sacrament of sleep, a lifting of the heart toward Heaven, a deliberate forgetting of the day. For so, with the sigh of love for the Great Love on the last waking breath, do we ward off evil things that seek to hold us back from the world of the soul.

We pray from a sense of relationship. In the Lord's Prayer, whose few phrases cover every need of the soul, we say Our Father; yet even so we differ as to the nearness of the tie. As to method, and by what processes the Spirit that has set us here works with its children, we have each our own idea. But reading from Nature, that open book of the soul, we see that in visible creation the Divine Mind expresses itself by the principle of organization. "All things are strung upon one grand chain and there's not a stray or vagabond truth in the universe." In the solar system, for example, the earth, Sun-born, draws its life elements from the Sun. Charged with authority, all heat and light, magnetism, electricity, gas, ether, winds and rains, dews, clouds, rainbows and rays are solar agents, each sent

through space to enact its especial part in the great working whole. To this control of the Sun, wrought by these innumerable agencies, the earth renders obedience—the allegiance of its ordered movement, the beauty of the mountain, the splendor of the forest and the rose.

This cycle of solar transformation, the gift, reception and return of life from the Sun to the earth, from earth to the Sun, is Nature's theme and song of joy; and to some minds it becomes the interpretation of life in its higher, human degree. And if the law of Nature is the law of the soul, as these dreamers hold, then must the love of God reach us, not as formless outpour, without appreciable means of grace, but through "ministers of His that do His pleasure," and we are not alone in our evolution and afar off, but in a realm where in organic unity, forces of love and duty play—signs of power invisible, near and devoted.

In this assemblage we, the least of all, yet feel ourselves to be placed centrally. This is because we are born under spheric law and as looking out into Nature we see the horizon of earth round about us, so looking

the other way, inward, we find God, in the heart, where Love is, with His great circle outflowing and including us.

Through this perception of our manifold relation to God comes a charmed sense of protecting care. Here are "—angels that excel in strength," Archangels, the seven sons of God; Sandalphon who waits for our prayers, and by this same illuminated way of the heart, our guardian angels. In this grandeur of relationship we become as children to whom it was said, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." To give awaiting acceptance only; wherefore for us, old in world-habit and iron-bound refusal of His legions, to recognize and cultivate a sense of angel presence when the night closes round us, is to enter where Love itself invites. Thus at the door of sleep all tenderness gathers to increase the sum of human affection; to comfort and console when we are desolate. And we who accept this infinite grace and beauty are happiest if we pass through its gates not mechanically but with recognition and response.

Our nights, however, as experience teaches,

are not all given to repose. Bereavement befalls and grief; while beyond such anguish is that bitterer season when conscience holds us from sleep and we reach the height of sorrow. Then in our need, which is deeply spiritual and sends us inward, we come to the divine impulse of prayer as the only means of expression left to us—the only alleviation of suffering. Such hours of night go far to make character strong and beautiful, creating the power of sympathy with others and giving us deeper knowledge of ourselves as children of the Father; yet in very accordance with the teaching of the Spirit as life reveals it to us, it is not our highest submission to creep into bed, to shelter in the dark our drawn, pain-graven faces, to sob into slumber. Relief that this is, if too prolonged or oft repeated, it has its consequence. The new day waits; to it we owe our best and for the sake of the living, for the sake of the dead, for the sake of the life within us that we are carrying back to its Source, we are wise to turn to sleep as to our comforter, to sleep if we can and to so conserve our energy that we may meet to-morrow rightly. At night the Divine

Love works with us that by growth we may achieve our destiny. We cannot do it alone.

> Except the Lord build the house
> They labor in vain that build it;
> Except the Lord keep the city
> The watchman waketh but in vain.
> It is vain for you to rise up early,
> To sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows,
> For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

For all these reasons should we sleep well. Here is our "house of life," the city of our inmost being, peopled by our thoughts, with its gates, by the design and action of our being, set to open out and in, its borders increasing or shrinking daily as, through our own intention or lack of determination, we live toward greatness or shrivel toward the superficial. Here our two minds have play, the two dwelling in us as one; and here, to repeat, when sleep calls, the mind of day should grow silent, cease from emotion and the entertainment of thought and lie passive, while the inner, greater mind goes out upon its nightly quest of life. To this deeper and older part of ourselves release from the restrictions of earth is freedom and delight. To gardens of joy it goes, to stand before tribunals, to discover its conditions and how

to keep them in tune with the mandate that sent it, an immortal spirit, to dwell for a time in nature. The farther this journey of the soul, the sounder and more refreshing is the sleep of the body and of the mind left here for repose; and that these things may be accomplished "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Sometimes our sleep is broken chiefly and happily by a period of wakefulness full of consolation and beauty. Exquisitely George Santayana says—

Sleep has composed the anguish of my brain
And ere the dawn I will arise and pray.
Strengthen me, Heaven, and attune my lay
Unto my better angel's clear refrain.
For I can hear him in the night again,
The breathless night, snow-smothered, happy, grey,
With premonition of the jocund day,
Singing a quiet carol to my pain.

Slowly, saith he, the April buds are growing
In the chill core of twigs all leafless now;
Gently, beneath the weight of last night's snowing,
Patient of winter's hand, the branches bow.
Each buried seed lacks light as much as thou.
Wait for the spring, brave heart; there is no knowing.

In such hours, whether midnight or dawn, we lie in quietude looking out to the stars or

into the darkness, and realize that rare influences are about us to which we give response. In the stillness we recognize more than we understand, and gather power for days yet to come.

To hear the clear refrain and to hold and keep it at heart beneath day's doings, is to have something precious and unforgotten; and to be able to recall the calm of night and with it to meet the day's intricacy of detail and relation, is a means of serenity. The forces that in good sleep are active awaken the heart; and the sense of these two worlds, concentric worlds or spheres of being, in which we live, goes far to strengthen persistence and loyalty in day's duty; to give us, through comparison, a larger judgment and the faculty of a wise letting go; and to help us to pursue ideals of truth, not with iron resistance to earthly conditions, but with the habit of hearkening back to catch the keynote of our wakening and to keep it through whatever adaptation of movement.

To discover and prove this is to increase the circle and atmosphere of life. And in this we learn the value of silence. Things of the soul are highly individual. They be-

long to the center of being. In this instruction no two hear alike; and while in the evolution of character we work together, no two have the same work to do. Things of the world call us out; they separate and scatter. In sleep self-recollection returns—knowledge of individuality, and with this we begin the day. By its light we give the new page of our positive, mortal life its best interpretation, however inscribed its broken type may be; and in loyalty to this higher teaching we work alone. In an orchestra the players have in common the keynote and the beat of the leader, and, beneath all, the design of the work—but the score, that is for separate reading. Only when all is done can comrades recognize that by their separate work, rendering each note apart in its own place, have they achieved harmony to express the soul.

Because we are thus individual we have need also to go softly and to beware of exaltation lest the new-stored energy fly away. Volatile in the extreme, we must be aware of our possession but wise in its use, and protective, that the first weak, cross word shall not puncture the skin wherein we carry this

essence of life which was meant to persist to day's ending and save us from exhaustion.

We sleep as children, and even mature faces take somewhat the look of youth and ease. To waken is an appeal to will. Work has begun, and instantly we must take control. The brain, the mind of day, is going on by itself. It is singing a snatch of song, recalling some incident, reciting a grievance. But this we may ignore; we may, if we are prepared, establish some other note for repetition; we may give orders to ourselves, we may command the best and refuse the inferior. We may have a getting-up word, brief but happy and habitual, and this as saving grace will assert its strength to aid us.

Suppose that as we waken, or as we stand upright, we have the habit of some strong address to God. Take for example the old words—

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,

the Center from which energy is given. No matter by how many removes, or through how many agencies our natural and human life has come, here it is visibly in all its

forms, and each thing that we touch thoughtfully, flashes answer as a sign of presence—Omnipresence. Why should we not recognize the world we live in—a world of results all sprung from the energy that is one.

Praise Him all people here below.

Humanity is preparing itself for the day. If as this surge of life rose from sleep it filled its first half hour with this song of the heart, what a vibration beneath the Sun; what thrill of love and gladness, gratitude and praise from us—all people!

Praise Him on high, ye Heavenly Host.

This is the echo we invoke, the response mighty and far, but none the less companioning as, in our separate rooms, we make ready for the day.

Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

"He who is One, the wise call many names," says the Veda. And all are one—Heavenly Host and here below; single lives and Life Itself.

Any exercise that involves a thought of love and power soon, without prompting, as-

serts itself; and far from being external, this habit of a vital song, used with intention to retain the beauty of night and to compel the mind to work under control of the soul, will have nothing perfunctory about it but will come as involuntary, sustaining strength.

This is but training of thought. It is not necessary to impose what we do upon others. Time and thoughts are individual and what we may find to be our way of life we can take silently, with care not to intrude upon the hour of another soul—to whom our silence may be golden. Our thoughts are seen and heard whether spoken or not. To control them as they rise within us is to control life in its effect upon us and upon others. So our morning aspiration, rising from deep within us, may have its outcome in quietude, losing thereby none of its effect.

To sing our silent prayers as we prepare for night or day is not irreverent. On every breath comes life. It is ours to return it bearing any character we choose, and the habit of using the things of earth that lie about us, with recognition of the Power and Love that gives us our least possessions, uplifts existence. As we dress we can

realize the vastness of energy here and in the land from which we have just returned, and leave our rooms not as under compulsion, nor as chips launched whether or no upon waves, nor yet careless nor proud, but with poise, with strength at the center, with comprehension of life in its greatness and the intelligent sense of a new day after a new and lovely night.

In the morning the experience of night has become a memory and heart-consciousness, and if based upon that we use our wakening minds and mold our early thoughts to serve as a shrine for the Great Life, we can choose our method of expression, not after a formula, but in any way most native to us; for the spirit of the night in its height and depth, like water from the spring, will fill any vessel made from whatever clay.

If we ask what, in such practice, becomes of the solemnity of prayer, the kneeling after long custom, the still moments of devotion loved by the soul, surely for those who on any rosary tell their beads, who pray after any established form whatever, who with any rite set power in place of weakness,

who know the joy of meditation and find in contained silence the way of God, these notes of evening and morning recognition can be no hindrance but a sign of sympathy with all ways of worship, and the fullness thereof. A part of that fullness, on earth and in heaven, are we. Through that unity of life, inborn, the heart of man turns to the Father and beyond comprehension indeed, yet by a natural movement, our love of God is reverence and our deepest reverence is love that cannot hold Him afar off.

Mrs. Meynell writes—

Thou art the Way.
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

I cannot see—
I, child of process—if there lies
An end for me,
Full of repose, full of replies.

I'll not reproach
The way that goes, my feet that stir.
Access, approach,
Art Thou, time, way and wayfarer.

PART IV

The sisters' pathway is the same unending.
Taught by the gods, alternately they tread it.
Fair shaped, of different forms and yet one minded,
Night and Morning clash not, nor yet do linger.

VEDIC HYMN TO THE DAWN.

The higher powers in us, which one day as Genies shall fulfil our will, are, for the present, muses which refresh us with sweet remembrances.

NOVALIS.

Praised be Thou, O Lord, of all Thy creatures, and above all of Brother Sun, my Lord, that doth illumine us with the dawning of the Day. For fair is he and bright, and the brightness of his glory doth signify Thee, O Thou most Highest.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

PART IV

THE Gates of Day—of Night and Day! At night we go inward, the curtain falls, we sleep. Silence and darkness pass, we waken, and with vague remembrance of the night return to our earthly outposts, where spirit, soul, mind, and body all in one, we take up whatever under the limitation of nature is to be our next experience. From dark to light, from inner to outer, from spirit to nature we go, and each moment, by day and by night, we are intrusted with Power. Prompted thereby we seek advance. Nothing is too much for us; nothing is enough. What we cannot see, hear, and move by our senses we set force to doing for us—a current and a wire, a flight through the air, the wireless word. In our work we are aware of energy at hand, exhaustless, waiting only for knowledge to supply the form through which it may reveal itself. The mind of the world grows, ways of outgo increase, and there is scarcely time for rest.

Yet said a wise soul, "Sleep and rest abundantly; sleep is the benediction of the earth." To go grudgingly to sleep is to be shortsighted, for experience teaches, and, if we give heed, we realize that in sleep something ensues to give the sense of more complete being, or that we have grown to fill a larger place. We do not, it is true, know very much about ourselves; the greater part is yet to be discovered and comprehended, but we look to the attainment of some great end as the outcome of our being here, the reason for our evolution through the ages; and in this conception we can be contented with nothing less than alliance with things universal. All that we know or dream of belongs to us; all that we can ever dream of knowing must enter into that great relationship. For so far as we yet have gone, the perception of the unity of life, Divine, natural, and human, is our highest knowledge. It is this which underlies our religious aspiration and amidst the awful struggle between man and man is our support and cheer—our master light.

In our human life, at the point where we now are, the step with which time and event

are moving brings men together in a relation close and continuous, that in years less equipped with device for abridging distance was impossible. In this world-growth we are called to keep pace with affairs, personal and international, to adjust ourselves to conditions, and, as questions arise, to be ready with intelligent answer. The action of individuals is often far-reaching, and in the progress of life it becomes essential that we should see our position and be equal to its demand, lest we lose the station to which we were born and fall behind our rightful aspiration.

It is then merely in the order of life as it moves after its own law that we, children of Power, should avail ourselves of all our advantages. We do not need to go and we cannot go out of ourselves to find our Divine center. Our research is truly for our own ideal of being. Veiled in the greatness of which we are a part, and in our own sense of immortality, the consciousness of some depth, some loveliness yet unrevealed, is the very core of life from which all dreams of grace, beauty, and things desirable rise.

Hence the need of quiet moments when

the Spirit can speak to remind us of Itself, for then we have conviction as to the Source from which springs our power of initiative, and perceive our duty to that point of growth within us, as its protectors. In our hands, by God bestowed, lie the issues of our life, given because we are equal to the charge. In life, whatever it be, instead of friction we want peace, instead of doubt we want clearness, instead of refusal we want love. How in keeping then with our knowledge of the requirements of life and our ideas of destiny and the harmony and value of day and night it is, that after the paper, the novel, the letter, the song, the hour of creative work and the good night to those about us, we give ourselves the moment for remembrance and turn to what Shelley calls—

That Light whose smile kindles the universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not; that sustaining Love.

If in this moment we seek companionship, to lead the way as it were, we know how seers of earth, who through the homeliness

of physical life have seen the soul in its high place of God, have celebrated that intimate dominion and have left behind them, like guide-posts on the king's highway, myriads of words and sayings. Down the long trail from Eastern mystics and early saints to modern inspiration, scientific, social, and religious, they lie, at hand—a line from some old brother of the world, a happy consoling psalm, or some familiar hymn—"Abide with me." Could He abide were He not already there, in the being and heart of man?

The brief season of quietude at night is not for mental introversion, arraignment of one's self, or long consideration of needs. It is leaving all these and going inward to the fountain—a greeting to things new and approaching—a welcome to the best. The knowledge gained in protected night absence is to vivify and enlighten hours of day that otherwise might be empty or worse; it is for education of the will, the guidance of character; it is a glimpse of reality, faithful, and beyond all happening. It is happiness that by its quality leads inward toward the immeasurable. Taught thereby, if we do not

forget the vision, all time is one and of value, to be and to breathe is to touch things infinite, and in the distinction that belongs to nature and the alternation that we experience in life, we go to sleep to get riches and return for good spending.

In the morning there is also one other way of thought to consider—when at night we have put aside questions that have perplexed us as to wisdom in affairs—to do, or that greater thing, not to do, and have waited for morning intelligence to decide. It is worth much to feel clear as to values and relations of things, and often over night we change our minds. Discrimination has been at work. Showing the vanity of cherished moods wherein we see motes as jewels, it enlightens judgment. In the morning yesterday's waste-basket is hardly worth rummaging over. Often we have been abused, greatly indeed, and we know it, but we do not care. We incline to put energy into things new and constructive. As one running to a goal stops for no brier that may tear him, but speeds along, so, ignoring hindrance, we pursue ideals as they have been renewed by sleep; and by fidelity in our own lines we

awaken others, bring force and comfort into life, and create an atmosphere that stimulates growth.

This morning voice we should hear and heed. Simple as breathing, gentle and continuous, a light burning softly within, unswayed by winds from without, it is our gift of daily bread. Our soul-journey through this life is for experience and discovery. As day by day the earth, following the Sun, goes through space by ways untraversed and to her unknown, so the soul, following its Creator, moves by a course perpetually new. As we go we need guidance, and in the morning we open the way of instruction if, before we allow affairs to shape themselves in thought, we send the waking mind first to the Creator, to the Universal Consciousness, the Heavenly Father, to God, to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, or to whatever Name is to us dearest and best. For with that connection made we have a truer outlook and judgment than if we begin less centrally to find our place in God's great sphere of life.

Because the law of unity and relation is written in our hearts, nothing in human ex-

istence gives such equipoise as the consciousness that our garden-bed is a part of the whole earth; that our routine is a part of world-life; that human life is a part of Divine Life; that Life is One. At that touch of relationship the wear of the chain loosens; thought ranges off to the others—to men, to angels, to God, the Center of each heart and life, and comes back to steady us in well-doing. This security of place and relation is inspiration, and apart from what science and the church has taught, or rather within all frameworks of human expression, we hold our intuitive knowledge of who and what we are. And this grace and mystery, the consciousness of belonging to things universal, born with us, in sleep is strengthened.

In this higher thought, sayings that once were merely moral and instructive grow significant and have the spirit of joy. We say—

> Lay not thy head
> On prayerless bed,

because in the circuit of life we are aware of our place and for honor of our own being upon earth would work with the powers that

are for our recuperation and increase to produce, within the limits of Nature, a life approximate to the ideal that presents itself when we look in toward the Spirit. For this we hold the moment before sleeping and the moment at waking as two pauses in existence, two instants of conviction and clear sight when we may exchange recognition with all that is about us upon the heights of vision and ally our inmost being consciously with the inner life universal, transcendent, Divine. So used, these two brief moments become the dependence and assured possession of the soul—seasons for the silent lighting of beacons on reef and shoal, for sowing of mustard and other precious seed.

Graciously given these moments come; having wings they fly, leaving us meanwhile to dwell within the bounds of earth and duty. For in our present home, go far as we may into the shadow of forgetfulness and repose, time keeps the beat of life and directly

Weaving night hath folded up her woof,

dawn has foretold the Sun, sleep lightens and withdraws her spell, reveille sounds, and

we waken to know where we have been and go forth to find who shall say what treasure!

Great is the venture, great to meet it is the heart of man, and by Evening and Morning his way is

—through the Gates into the City.

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